THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

Devoted to Progress, the Rights of the South, and the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge among all Classes of Working Men.

VOLUME IV. GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1857. NUMBER 33.

The Southern Enterprise

IS ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY PRICE & McJUNKIN.

WILLIAM P. PRICE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

C. M. M'JUNKIN,
PRINTER.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS in advance; Two DOLLARS if Delayed.

CLUBS of FIVE and upwards, ONE DOLLAR, the money in every instance to accompany the order.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted conspicuously at the rates of 75 cents per square of 12 lines for the first insertion, and 37½ cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contracts for yearly advertising made reasonable.

AGENTS.

W. W. WALKER, Jr., Columbia, S. C.
PETER STRADLEY, Esq., Flat Rock, N. C.
A. M. PEDEN, Fairview P. O., Greenville Dist
WILLIAM. BAILEY, Pleasant Grove, Greenville.
CAPT. R. Q. ANDERSON, Encree, Spartanburg.

A Christmas Story.

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

HOW EFFIE HAMILTON SPENT CHRISTMAS.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

Come, reader, follow me; and we will steal a peep at the hero and heroine of my story. We are in a wide street, in a large city, facing a very spacious and handsome house. Come in. We pass through a wide hall, up a broad staircase, into a large parlor, furnished with magnificence. Never mind; we don't stop here. Pass on into a boudoir on the same floor as the parlor; and now we stop, for here are the objects of our search. It is a cold evening in December; and a large fire burns in the open grate; the shaded lamps throw a subdued light upon the beautiful furniture, glowing carpet, large mirror, and exquisite paintings which are in this pretty place.

By the fireplace, his arm resting upon the mantlepiece, is the master of the house, and the owner of one of the largest fortunes in this goodly city of ——. He is a young man, in his twenty-fifth year, a bachelor, and much courted by the maidens on account of his gentle birth, handsome face, gentlemanly manners, and large fortune.—He is tall, and finely proportioned, has a frank, manly face, large dark eyes, dark brown curling hair, regular features, a beautiful smile, and an erect, graceful carriage; altogether, Clarence Hamilton is a very "nice young man," generous, intellectal, high principled, and gentle as a woman to his sister, his nearest, dearest relative, for he is an orphan. Seated in a deep, crimson-covered arm-chair, and looking up into Clarence's face, is that same sister. She is dressed in full evening costume; a pale blue silk, cut low, shows a snowy neck and arm; the lace flounces are gathered up in one little hand, revealing a dainty little foot, with a nicely fitting satin slipper; the broad sash encircles a most charming little waist; the pearl ornaments might be envious of the whiteness of the complexion they rival; and the gold bracelets on her round arms are scarcely brighter than the long curls falling in such rich profusion on her shoulders.—Her features are regular, her eyes large and dark like her brother's; and she has also his beautiful smile; but her tiny, perfect figure looks quite fairy-like when contrasted with his six feet of stature. "Claire," she said, looking up at him with a sweet, winning smile, "I executed all your commissions this morning."

"Yes. Have you bought my presents to all my cousins?"

"All. And I have bought all the jewelry and finery I intend to present to my *dear* friends and relations, next week. What is the use of this present-giving at Christmas?"

"It promotes good feeling."

"Does it make anybody love us? Oh, Claire, I have felt so lonely this evening!—Everybody was clustering round me, making pretty speeches, and flattering me; and I knew all the time it was only my money they courted. Money! money! Do you suppose Aunt Miriam would be so very urgent, and press me so earnestly to spend the day with her and her cousins on Wednesday, if I were poor? Why doesn't she invite her husband's cousins, the Morrises?—They are prettier than I am. Anna is perfectly superb, in spite of her plain dress; and Robert is very fine-looking. Now, they *want* a good dinner; but she doesn't ask them. No; she wants me; and I won't go."

"Won't go?"

"No; I mean to eat my dinner here; and I invite you to be my guest."

"And I accept the invitation. We will cut all our fine relations, and eat dinner alone. Oh, there is one person I should like to invite, Gerald Hastings! Have you any objections, *petite sœur*."

"None."

The girl's brow, neck, and face were crimson for a moment; then the blush faded again.

"As you say about the Morrisses, my clerk *wants* a good dinner. He's a fine fellow. Pity he's so poor! But he'll make his way in the world. There's energy in his voice, resolution in his eye, firmness in his gait, manliness in every action. He's a fine fellow. Little sister"—and Clarence bent on her a searching glance—"don't you think so?"

"Yes."

The answer came low and sweet.

"I intend putting a hundred dollar bill in an envelope, and sending it anonymously to him at Christmas. Do you approve, Effie?"

"Yes. Oh, Claire, how much good you do with your money at Christmas! and I have been wasting so much in buying presents for people who do not really need anything I give them. It is such bitter weather, and so many people need comforts; and buying jewelry for folks that would not speak to me, if I were poor, seems so foolish."

"Don't you subscribe to Dorcas societies, and coal and blanket committees, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes; but I want to do something myself. It is very easy to put one's name down for a sum of money on a paper, and pay it when it is called for; but I never know of any good it does. The committee take care of that part of it. I want to do something myself. I want to give something to make Christmas *merry* to *all* the poor folks in the city."

"You can't very well do *that*."

"No! Oh, Claire! Claire! I have an idea!" And the fairy sprang up from her chair, and began dancing round her brother.

"What is it, fairy?" he asked, smiling at her excitement.

"Sha'n't tell; only I want a whole lot of my money, Claire."

"*My* money! How independent we are all at once. How much of *your* money do you want?"

"Oh, five or six hundred dollars! I don't know exactly how much."

"Five hundred dollars? Suppose I won't let you have it?"

"But you will!" said Effie, coaxingly; "you will; won't you?"

The little clock on the mantle chimed *One! two! three!*

"Time you were in bed, *petite sœur*," said Clarence. "Come, kiss me good-night; and we will talk over this expensive scheme of yours to-morrow."

Effie sprang into her brother's arms, received his good-night kiss, and then tripped into her own room. Clarence, in a few moments, followed her example.

In a small room, in a house situated in the surburbs of the city, there sat a young man at his desk writing. The room is poorly furnished; and one candle throws light upon his paper. He is handsome, in the Italian style, dark complexion, large black eyes, rich jetty hair; his figure is fine; but there is a gloom over all that does not improve his beauty. The brow is clouded, the eyes heavy, the hair pushed off the forehead as if its weight was oppressive. Look over his shoulder, and read the letter as he writes.

"You ask me," he says, "to come to your western country, and aid you in your schemes for gaining wealth. A month ago, I should have refused your offer. I have a clerk's place in the establishment of one of our wealthiest men, a good salary, and good prospects. Were it not for the debts I am striving to pay—debts incurred by my poor father which I *will* pay—I should be, on my present salary, above want; and, if I stay here, my income will increase, I know; and I shall do well. You ask why I do not stay. I will tell you. I, poor and in debt, have been mad enough to fall in love; and not only that, but the object of my love is rich, very rich, the only sister of my employer. Beautiful, piquant, generous, good, my idol is all man's heart could desire to fill it. By the kind hospitality of her brother, I am often thrown in her way; and each time strengthens my love. Oh, Effie! Effie!—there, I won't bore you with rhapsodies!—Suffice it that I love without a shadow of hope. She is always kind, gentle to me; but, of course, in her station, with her beauty and wealth, she can command any match, and would despise me as a fortune-hunter were I to breathe my love. Am I not poor? Oh, that we could change places! *Then* I could seek her love, and prove how true is my own. I cannot stay here; the restraint upon my heart, feeling, and action, is too great. I must leave the place where, constantly seeing, I may never speak my love to her. If I come near her again, my heart may speak in spite of myself; and, for my presumption, I may loose my greatest treasure now, her friendship. In a few days I will write to you again, and tell you of my plans more definitely. Perhaps I shall come to you; most likely I shall. My year at my present place expires at Christmas. Then I shall conclude finally upon some plan.—Now, good-night.

Truly yours, GERALD HASTINGS."

Christmas was drawing near; and Effie Hamilton was very busy with many mysterious preparations. There were, in Clarence's house, two large vacant third story rooms, unfurnished. For several days, Effie had shut herself up in these rooms, excepting when out; and the result of her mission was a great number of large packages, baskets, and bundles, which were all carried by direction to the third story chambers.

At length, the day before Christmas arrived. Clarence came home to dinner about two o'clock; and Effie won from him a promise to stay at home, and aid her the rest of the day. "Now, Claire," she said, seating herself on his knee after dinner, "I want to tell you what I have been doing all this week. In the first place, I took Caroline, the pretty seamstress, that worked here so long, into my confidence; and we made out a list of all the poor people she knew; where they live, how many children there were, names and ages, and all the particulars; then—there's a ring at the bell. It's Caroline, I know. She promised to come, this afternoon, and help me."

The door opened, and a very pretty brunette entered. Her plain street dress only heightened her charms; and the rich color brought into her cheeks by exercise added to her beauty. Effie took off her things; Clarence set a chair for her; and then the three sat down for a social chat.

"How do your preparations progress, Miss Hamilton?" inquired Caroline.

"Famously, Carrie. Drop that *Miss*. I am Effie to my friends. But come, as soon as you are rested from your walk, we will go up stairs, and I will show you all my preparations."

"I am rested," said Caroline, leaving her chair.

"Come, then. I will lead the way.—Claire, take care of Carrie." And Effie went swiftly up the stairs, unlocked and threw open the door of the mysterious room.

Clarence looked into it with amazement. The entire centre of the floor, through both rooms, was occupied by two long lines, one of large covered baskets, the other of small Christmas-trees. Each tree was hung with toys, bonbons, flowers, and fruit.

Clarence looked at his sister, who, taking his hand, led him up to the head of the line, and uncovered the basket. "This is for Mrs. Thomas, a poor washerwoman with three children," she said. "The basket contains a turkey, you see, two pies, a peck of potatoes, some current-jelly in that jar, and, in this tightly covered kettle, some oysters. That is for the Christmas dinner. At the bottom of the basket there is a box containing a five dollar gold-piece; that"—and she covered the basket—"is the widow's own share.—This tree, you see, has a horse, and drum, and other toys for the two little boys, a doll-baby and work-box for the little girl, and caudies, cakes, and bonbons for all. All the baskets are alike, excepting that some contain wine and invalids' food, extra, for the place where there are sick. The trees vary according to the ages of the children. Have I done right, Claire?"

"Yes, little sunbeam."

"Now, Claire, as soon as it is dark, there will be a furniture-car at the door, to carry all these things to their respective destinations. Carrie and I are going with it to take a sly peep at some of the children.—Will you come?"

"Indeed I will! You two stay here while I order the carriage. We can get out at the corners of the streets."

Just about dusk, there stopped, at the corner of a little court near—— Street, a large furniture-car and a carriage. Two men got down from the first, a gentleman and two plainly clad ladies from the second.

"James," said Effie, "you are to take this basket." And she indicated one in the car. "And, Claire, will you take the tree? It is not heavy."

"Mother," said a little boy, leaning his head against his mother's knee, "to morrow is Christmas Day; and we won't have any presents. Don't you wish we were rich, and had a big room—this one is so little—and had some money to buy a Christmas dinner?"

Rap! rap! rap! at the door. A scream of delight followed its opening.

"Oh, mother! mother! come and look! here's a real tree, a Christmas-tree, and a big basket! See her, Ben!" as another little boy came to the door. "Bring them in. See, it is really for us! Here's mother's name on the cover of the basket! Oh, see what a big turkey, and pies, and—oh, here's oysters! Oh! oh! oh! and here's lots of things on the tree, a doll! that must be for Jenny. Oh, I wish she'd come in! Oh, mother, here's a gold-piece in this little box!"

"May God bless the kind heart that thinks of the poor in this happy season!" said the widow, fervently; and the door was closed, none of the happy party seeing three figures standing back in the dark entry, looking at the joy they had given.

"Here comes James again with Miss Mason's basket," said Effie. "That's on the next floor. Come, James!"

Here again, reader, we will peep in before our generous party.

On a low mattress, laid upon the floor, lies a young girl wasting with consumption. Her sister sits beside her, plying her needle; and on the floor beside the candle is a little girl, also sewing.

"Mary," said the invalid, "do put by work for a little time. It is Chistmas Eve; surely you may rest a few minutes."

Rap! rap! rap!

Mary opened the door, and then gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, Lizzie, come here, and help me carry in these things! They are marked with our name. This little tree must be for you; and here is a large basket."

Lizzie assisted in bringing them in; and, while she danced with true childish delight around the tree, the elder sisters opened the basket.

"A turkey, pies, and oysters for *you*, dear Jessie, our Christmas dinner; and here's a bottle of wine, and oranges, and white grapes, and this little box—ten dollars! Oh, Jessie! who *can* have sent them!"

"God's blessing go with the giver!" said the invalid, softly. "Now you may rest on Christmas day. How long the basket will last us! Mary, dear, you forgot to close the door.' And again three watchers were shut out.

We have not room to follow in Effie's footsteps that happy evening. Here there was an ailing baby relieved by a generous gift of money to pay a doctor; here a whole party of children made joyful; in another place, a studious boy was made happy for months by judiciously selected books; and in one place a poor, childless widow had an order for groceries enough to last a whole year, beside her Christmas dinner.

At about ten o'clock, Effie, Claire, and Carrie came home again as tired and happy a trio as were in that city on Christmas Eve, 1854.

The next morning, Clarence came into his sister's room. "Effie," he said, "Gerald talks of leaving me."

"Leaving you?"

The pretty little sunbeam was very pale.

"Yes! he's going out west."

Effie bent her head, and lowered her eyes.

"Effie! little sister! how pale you are! You tired yourself last night."

"No, no! I mean yes. Why is he going west?"

"I will tell you. Effie, can you fancy me doing a dishonorable act?"

"No."

"Well, I did one last night. I went, after I left you, to see Gerald. I found him writing a letter. I peeped over his shoulder, and read it, and then crept away again, leaving the envelop I told you about a week ago; and he does not know I was near him; but I know his secret."

"Secret?"

"Yes. He's in love."

"Gerald!"

"Yes, Gerald. In love with an heiress! Did you ever hear of such presumption?—He a poor clerk!"

"Well," said Effie, firing up, "he's better than one-half the gentlemen that come here, if he *is* a clerk. Any woman might be proud of Gerald Hastings' love." Then, coloring and confused at having thus committed herself, she stopped.

"He is in love with an heiress, and afraid to offer himself," said Clairence, not heeding her confusion, "for fear she will think him a fortune-hunter. Effie, can you guess who it is he loves?"

Silence.

"Effie, may I give my little sister to Gerald Hastings for a Christmas gift?"

Still silence.

"Effie, do you love him? Would you leave me, Effie, to marry him?"

"We need not leave you. We can all live here. We—"

"Pretty well!" said Clarence, opening his arms, and receiving his little sister in a close embrace. "Pretty well! There, don't blush so! he is worthy of you. I say, with my whole heart, that I shall give my sincere good wishes to you both, and be willing to give up my sunbeam to lighten the path of a man I esteem so highly as Gerald." And, kissing Effie again and again, he left her with parting directions to look as pretty as possible, for Gerald was coming to dinner; and he depended upon her to keep him from going west.

Gerald Hastings was walking slowly up and down the large parlor when his employer came in. "Gerald," he said, sternly, walking up to him, "you have repaid my hospitality with ungrateful conduct. Did I, when I allowed, courted your visits, give you any permission?" Clarence could not support his sternness. A sunny smile was dimpling in the corners of his mouth, which made Gerald's heart bound with hope.—"Did I give you, I repeat, any permission to fall in love with my sister?"

Gerald folded his hands like a timid school-boy, and faltered: "Please, sir, I couldn't help it."

Effie stood in the entry. She looked very lovely, her golden curls and bright complexion being heightened by her rich mazarine blue silk dress.

Clarence came out to her. "Go in," he said; "somebody wants to see you."

About an hour afterwards, Clarence, coming in again, found Effie's curls falling over the breast of a black coat, and the sleeve of the same garment encircling the blue dress. "Well," he said, stopping short, "if there was ever seen such presumption! Effie, come here."

"I had rather stay where I am," said a sweet, silvery voice.

"You had? Well, if the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. There, Gerald, I think you have received about as valuable a Christmas present as any one in town. Be careful of it; cherish it."

Need we say any more, reader? Effie, Clarence, and Gerald were as happy a trio as dined on that Christmas day; and Gerald did not go out west.

Miscellaneous Reading.

Reminiscence.

This is our birth-day, and a good stand point for reflection. The world hurries by, in a frolic, but we choose to stop for a moment and yield to abstraction. Thirty-five years coronate our brow, and yet we are little wiser as to whence we came, or whither we are travelling. As to when the first gleam of sunshine illumed our infantile couch, we are utterly unconscious, except from a reading of the family record, and as to when the last golden ray shall fade on our dying pillow, we know not. Helpless we came into the world, and helpless we must go out of it. We opened our eyes in tears, and will doubtless shut them, when glassy with death, with more or less sorrow. The future is dark, but the past is darker still. Truly life is but a dream, of short continuance. Our susceptibilities are good, but yet the impress of scenes and events is not so remarkably distinct as not to be forgotten. Sudden summons hence might startle a thousand thoughts of which, at present, we are oblivious; but nothing less. There is no aggravating sin, no base ingratitude nor crying shame remaining for us to repent of. We see no "hobgoblins with devils damned," peering at us with a hellish grin, from the mirrors of to-day, or to-morrow.—On that score we might look the pale horse and his rider in the face without a shudder; but dare we say our history is without a blot, and our souls as pure as opportunities have conspired to make them? No—well may we betake us to the penitent's shrine, and how in sackcloth and ashes. But shooting athwart the gloom surrounding the past, is the twinkling light of a star, which will never set. Nothing may hide it from our view, nor even the terrific storm clouds of death itself shall eclipse it. Nor is it the star of hope, as you might suppose, but that of love, reflected by the ever-living eye of a departed mother. Oh yes! The memory of a sainted mother smoothes over the chequered retrospect, drowns all cares, and as the polar star of our existence, guides us as safely down the stream of time, as the star of Bethlehem did the Eastern Magii.

UNDUE IMPORTATIONS.—Somebody said, we think it was Mr. Calhoun, that it required a great deal of intellect to understand and illustrate the tariff question. Our correspondents, however, are men of experience and learning, and bring much reflection to support their respective views. Those who advocate a high protective tariff, however, and who charge excessive importations upon the system of low duties, make some most transparent mistakes. One fact in history seems to have been overlooked by this class of thinkers; and that is, the enormous amount of importations under the compromise tariff of 1833, in 1835–36, while the duties of that tariff were still at the highest. The fact is, the whole business of tariff will be best regulated by a sound currency. It is our Paper Money which mainly sets everybody wild with speculation—that, and the consequent and sure advance of labor and produce, fills every channel of trade with schemers who look only to present gains for themsevels, leaving the certain future contraction to be borne by those who can least afford it. If we could have a currency of gold and silver, and allow no bank notes under $20 or $50, this would go far to make economy a necessity, and to protect industry and manufactures from those expansions and collapses which first lift them up to the skies, only to dash them down to the earth, a mass of undistinguishable ruins.—*Philadelphia Press.*

PLAIN TRUTH.—Some one who seems to understand the subject, describes the education of "young gentlemen and ladies" of the would-be fashionable sort, which tends only to mental weakness and physical decay, as follows:

"A young gentleman—a smooth-faced stripling—with little breeding, and less sense, ripens fast, and believes himself a nice young man. He chews and smokes tobacco, swears, coaxes embryo imperials with bear's grease, twirls a rattan, spends his father's money, rides fast horses—on horseback and in sulkeys—double and single—drinks Catawba, curses the Maine law, and flirts with young 'ladies,' hundreds of which are just like himself, though of a different gender, and this is the fashionable education of our day. The fathers and mothers of those fools were once poor. Good fortune has given them abundance. Their children will go through an 'inexhaustible fortune,' and into the poor house. Parents, you are responsible for this folly. Set your sons and daughters to work, and let them know that only in usefulness there is honor and prosperity."

QUIDNUNC, meaning literally "What now?" is another name for newsmonger.—Miss Martineau used to tell a pleasant story about one of the class, who, taking advantage of the interest excited among scientific men in relation to the Ross and Back Expedition, was more than usually annoying by his fussy questions. "Sir David! Sir David!" he called out at the top of his voice one fine morning in London. Sir David Brewster, who was riding down the street in somewhat of a hurry, drew up his horse, and approached the speaker. "Any news from the North Pole, Sir David?" "D—n the North Pole!" was the angry reply of the philosopher, as he hastily pursued his way again, leaving the quidnunc transfixed with amazement. "What is the matter, Mr. ——?" inquired the Rev. Sidney Smith, who came up immediately after the occurrence. The unfortunate man told his story, and dilated upon the style of the answer he had received, "so unbecoming in a man of his standing, so abrupt, not to say profane. D—n the North Pole!" "Poh, poh! my dear sir," said his comforter, "you must not mind all that Sir David says. He is a singular man. You would scarcely believe it, but I assure you it is only a few evenings ago that I heard him, before a large company, speak in the most disrespectful terms of the equator!"

HON. J. W. B. UNDERWOOD.—This gentleman was recently elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of Georgia; some of our exchanges are telling the following tale on him, which, if not true, is too good to be lost:

"The Judge was a staunch Clay Whig, but his son, J. W. B. Underwood, was continually changing his politics. A friend asked, "What are John's politics?"

"Really," said the Judge, "I can't tell you; I haven't seen the boy since breakfast."

John applied to the old gentleman for a letter of recommendation to his friend, then Governor Crawford, of Georgia. It was immediately given; and, sure of his game, John put off to Milledgeville; but knowing his father's eccentricities, he thought it prudent to open his credentials before presenting them, and, to his astonishment, he read the following:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—This will be handed to you by my son John. He has the greatest thirst for an office, with the least capacity to fill one of any boy you ever saw.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM H. UNDERWOOD."

But John has since falsified the old gentleman's opinion by proving himself a shrewd politician and a first rate lawyer.

BEAUTIFUL ALLUSION.—What quality of human nature is more ennobling, more soul-elevating, more benevolent, than the pure love of the parent for its child? And could this love be more charmingly illustrated than in the beautiful allusion of Lamartine, the great French writer, to his parents?

"I remember," says he, "to have seen the branch of a willow which had been torn by the tempest's hand from the parent trunk, floating in the morning light upon the angry surges of the over-flowing Saone. On it a female nightingale still covered her nest, as it drifted down the foaming stream; and the male on the wing followed the wreck, which was bearing away the objects of his love!"

What words could express the attachment of the loving parent for its offspring more eloquent than the foregoing?

And how could a parent express love for the child with more true and beautiful simplicity than did the plain, unschooled man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field and forest, and who had wielded an axe more than a pen, when he remarked, speaking to his children, "The little chips are nearest the heart!"—*Spirit of the Age.*

A FAIR OFFER REFUSED.—A gentleman, who had a son addicted to drinking, took occasion to remonstrate with the neighborhood liquor-seller against selling any more liquor to his child. He proposed to the seller to keep a strict account of all that was called for by his son without letting him have any, and he would pay him the full amount it would have been, had the liquor actually been sold. This was refused by the vender, who said he should let him have whatever he called for while he had the money to pay for it. Thus it will be seen that the callous-hearted vender has no disposition to aid in keeping any one sober.—It is to their interest to keep men bound in the manacles of strong drink, though family ties and social affection be burst asunder, demolished and destroyed forever. No other vocation would so harden the heart of man as that of selling liquor; it destroys the finer feelings of his nature, and brutalizes him to the lowest depths.

[*Spirit of the Age.*

ONE of the men who was discharged from the chain-gang at Memphis, once owned a large portion of the ground on which the city of Nashville now stands; he is reputed to be worth sixty thousand dollars at the present time. Liquor has been his ruin.—When arrested, he was found lying intoxicated on the bluff.